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THREE ODES.

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To which is added,

The MISS and the BUTTERFLY,

A

FABLE,

In the Manner of the late Mr. GAY.

EDINBURGH:
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXIX.

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ODE I.

FANCY, bright and winged Maid!
In thy night-drawn car convey'd,
O'er the green earth, and wide-ſpread main,
A thouſand ſhadows in thy train,
A vary'd air-embody'd hoſt,
To don what ſhapes thou pleaſeſt moſt;
Brandiſh no more thy ſcorpion-ſtings
Around the deſtin'd couch of Kings;
Nor in rebellion's ghaſtly ſize
A dire gigantic ſpectre riſe:
Ceaſe, for a while, in rooms of ſtate
To damp the ſlumbers of the Great;
In Merit's lean-look'd form t'appear,
And hollow *Traitor* in their ear;
Or Freedom's holier garb bely,
While Juſtice grinds her ax faſt by;

Nor o'er the Miſer's eye-lids pour
The unrefreſhing golden ſhow'r;
Whilſt, keen th' un-real bliſs to feel,
His breaſt bedews the ruffian-ſteel.

With theſe, (when next thou tak'ſt thy round)
The thoughts of guilty Pride confound;
Such ſwell the horrors and affright
Of Conſcience' keen-condemning night.
For this (nor, gracious Pow'r! repine)
A gentler Miniſtry be thine;
Whate'er inſpires the Poet's theme,
Or Lover's hope-enliven'd dream,
Monimia's mildeſt form aſſume;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom;
Unfold her eyes unblemiſh'd rays,
That melt to Virtue as we gaze;
That Envy's guiltieſt wiſh diſarm,
And view benign a kindred-charm:
Call all the Graces from thy ſtore,
'Till thy creative pow'r be o'er;

Bid her each breathing ſweet diſpenſe,
And robe in her own innocence.

My wiſh is giv'n: The ſpells begin;
Th' ideal world awakes within;
The lonely void of ſtill repoſe
Pregnant with ſome new wonder grows:
See, by the twilight of the ſkies,
The beauteous apparition riſe;
Slow, in *Monimia*'s form, along
Glides to the harmony of ſong.

But who is he the Virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch preceeds,
In a gown of ſtainleſs lawn,
O'er each manly ſhoulder drawn?
Who, clad in robe of ſcarlet grain,
The Boy that bears her flowing train?
Behind his back a quiver hung,
A bended bow acroſs is flung;
His head and heels two wings unfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold.

Hymen!

Hymen! 'tis he who kind inſpires
Joys unfeign'd and chaſte deſires.
And thou, of *Love* deceitful child!
With tyger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,
Fantaſtic by thy ſelf, and vain,
But ſeemly ſeen in *Hymen*'s train;
If Fate be to my wiſhes kind,
O! may I find ye ever join'd;
But if the Fates my wiſh deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.

THE Spell works on: Yet ſtop the day
While in the houſe of ſleep I ſtay.
About me ſwells the ſudden grove,
The wov'n arbourette of Love;
Flow'rs ſpring unbidden o'er the ground,
And more than Nature plants around.
FANCY, prolong the kind repoſe;
Still, ſtill th' enchanting viſion glows;
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
Now ſink tranſported in her arms.

Oh!

Oh ſacred Energy divine!
All theſe enraptur'd ſcenes are thine.
Hail! copious ſource of pure delight;
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;
Endearing Truth thy train attends,
And thou and meek-ey'd Peace art friends:
Cloſer entwine the magic bow'r;
Thick rain the roſe-empurpl'd ſhow'r:
The myſtic Joy impatient flys
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.
Unenvy'd let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,
Indulging here, in bliſs ſupreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture muſt not ſtay;
For ſee ſhe glides, ſhe glides away.

OH FANCY! why did'ſt thou decoy
My thoughts into this dream of Joy,
Then to forſake me all alone,
To mourn the fond deluſion gone?

O! back again, benign, reſtore
The pictur'd viſion as before.
Yes, yes: Once more I fold my eyes;
Ariſe, ye dear deceits, ariſe.
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
Why fades my viſionary grove?
Ye fickle troop of *Morpheus'* train,
Then will you, to the proud and vain,
From me, fantaſtic, wing your flight,
T' adorn the dream of falſe delight?
But now, ſeen in *Monimia's* air,
Can you aſſume a form leſs fair?
Some idle Beauty's wiſh ſupply,
The mimic triumphs of her eye?
Grant all to me this live-long night,
My charms detain the riſing light;
For this one night my liv'ries wear,
And I abſolve you for the year.

When in the ſoft-encircled ſhade
Ye find reclin'd the gentle Maid,

What time your poppy-crowned God
Sends his truth-telling ſcouts abroad,
Ere yet the cock to mattins rings,
And the lark, with mounting wings,
The ſimple village-ſwain has warn'd
To ſhake off ſleep by labour earn'd;
Or, beneath the op'ning dawn,
Smiles the fair-extended lawn;
Or on the roſe's ſilken hem,
Aurora weeps her earlieſt gem;
Each buſy motion laid to reſt,
And all compos'd her peaceful breaſt:
Swift paint the fair internal ſcene,
The phantom-labours of your reign;
The living imag'ry adorn
With all the limnings of the morn,
With all the treaſures Nature keeps
Conceal'd below the forming deeps;
Or dreſs'd in the rich waving pride,
That covers the green mountain's ſide,

Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale
In the wide-emboſom'd vale.
Let gentleſt Muſic too eſſay
The magic of her hidden lay:
While each harſh thought away ſhall fly
Down the full ſtream of harmony,
Compaſſion mild ſhall fill their place,
Each gentle miniſter of grace,
The weeper Pity, kind t' improve;
Pity, that often melts to Love
The ſoften'd heart, prepar'd to take
Whate'er impreſſions Love ſhall make.
Oh! in that kind, that ſecret hour,
When Hate, when Anger have no pow'r;
When ſighing Love, mild ſimple boy,
Courtſhip ſweet, and tender joy,
Alone poſſeſs the fair-one's heart;
FANCY, let me act my part.

OH Goddeſs! how I long t' appear;
The hour of dear ſucceſs draws near:

See where the crouding ſhadows wait;
Haſte and unfold the iv'ry gate;
Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,
Come in my anxious look array'd,
Enter propitious to my pray'r,
Led by blyth Hope, ye decent pair,
By mutual confidence combin'd,
As erſt in ſleep I ſaw you join'd.
Fill my eyes with heart-ſwell'd tears,
Fill my breaſt with heart-born fears,
Half-utter'd vows and half-ſuppreſs'd,
Part look'd, and only wiſh'd the reſt;
Make ſighs, and ſpeaking ſorrows prove,
Suff'ring much, how much I love;
Make the Muſes lyre complain,
Strung by me in warbled ſtrain;
Let the melodious numbers flow
Pow'rful of a Lover's woe,
Till, by the moving *Orphean* art,
I through her ear ſhall gain her heart.

Now, FANCY, now the fit is o'er,
I feel my ſorrows vex no more:
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
FANCY, to my aid return.

ODE II.

BEGONE, Purſuits ſo vain and light;
Knowledge, fruitleſs of delight;
Lean Study, Sire of ſallow doubt,
I put thy muſing taper out:
Fantaſtic all, a long adieu;
For what has Love ado with you?
For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,
To ſatisfy my ſoul's deſires;
For, lo, I ſeek the ſacred walls
Where Love and gentle Beauty calls:
For me ſhe has adorn'd the room,
For me has ſhed a rich perfume:
Has ſhe not prepar'd the Tea?
The kettle boils --- ſhe waits for me.

I come, nor ſingle, but along
Youthful ſports, a jolly throng!
Thoughtleſs joke, and Infant-wiles;
Harmleſs wit, and Virgin-ſmiles;
Tender words, and kind intent;
Languiſh fond, and blandiſhment;
Yielding curtſey, whiſper low;
Silken Bluſh, with cheeks that glow;
Chaſte deſires, and wiſhes meet;
Thin-clad Hope, a footman fleet;
Modeſty, that turns aſide,
And backward ſtrives her form to hide;
Healthful Mirth, ſtill gay and young,
And Meekneſs with a maiden's tongue;
Satire, by good-humour dreſs'd
In a many-colour'd veſt:
And enter, leaning at the door,
Who ſend'ſt thy flaunting Page before,
The gentle boy of kind delight,
Attendant on the Lover's night,

Fair his ivory ſhuttle flies,
Thro' the bright threads of mingling dies,
As ſwift his roſy fingers move
To knit the ſilken cords of Love;
And ſtop who ſoftly-ſtealing goes
Occaſion high on her tiptoes,
Whom *Youth* with watchful look eſpies,
To ſeize the forelock ere ſhe flies,
Ere he her bald-pate ſhall ſurvey,
And well-ply'd heels to run away.

But, anxious Care, be far from hence;
Vain ſurmiſe, and alter'd ſenſe;
Miſhapen doubts, the woes they bring;
And Jealouſy, of fierceſt ſting;
Deſpair, that ſolitary ſtands,
And wrings a halter in his hands;
Flatt'ry falſe and hollow found,
And Dread, with eye ſtill looking round;
Avarice, bending under pelf;
Conceit, ſtill gazing on herſelf;

O Love! exclude high-crested Pride,
Nymph of *Amazonian* ſtride:
Nor do theſe ſcenes with her agree,
Thy ogling ſiſter, Levity!
Nor in theſe walls, like waiting-maid,
Be Curioſity ſurvey'd,
That to the key-hole lays her ear,
Liſt'ning at the door to hear;
Nor Father Time, unleſs he's found
In triumph led by Beauty bound,
Forc'd to yield to Vigour's ſtroke,
His blunted ſcythe and hour-glaſs broke.

But come, all ye who know to pleaſe;
Inviting glance, and downy eaſe;
The heart-born joy, the gentle care;
Soft-breath'd wiſh, and power of Prayer;
The ſingle vow, that ſpeaks no ill;
Believing Quiet, ſubmiſſive Will;
Conſtancy of gentleſt mind,
That ſuffers long, and ſtill is kind;

All ye who put our woes to flight;
All ye who minister delight;
Nods, and wreaths, and becks, and sips;
Meaning winks, and roguish trips;
Fond deceits, and kind surprises;
Sudden sinks, and sudden rises;
Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights;
Jolly dance, and girds, and flights:
Then, to make me wholly blest,
Let me be there a welcome guest.

ODE III.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus — HOR.

NOW spring begins her smiling round,
Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground;
The birds exalt their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit in Love's eternal band,

With

With dancing ſtep at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where-e'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial Love.
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country-bride:
While, pleas'd, ſhe hears his artleſs vows,
Above the feather'd ſongſter wooes.
Soon will the ripen'd ſummer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous ſhow,
With ruby-tinctur'd births ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells, from beds of lillies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The ſunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my Fair invite;
Soft on a bank of vi'lets laid,
Cool ſhe enjoys the evening-ſhade;
The ſweets of ſummer feaſt her eye:
Yet ſoon, ſoon will the ſummer fly.

ATTEND, my lovely Maid, and know
To profit by the moral ſhow;
Now young and blooming thou art ſeen,
Freſh on the ſtalk, for ever green;
Now does th' unfolded bud diſcloſe
Full-blown to ſight the bluſhing roſe:
Yet, once the ſunny ſeaſon paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'rer Hope perſuade:
Ah! muſt I ſay that this will fade?
FOR ſee the Summer poſts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now Winter, from the frozen North,
Drives his iron chariot forth;
His grizly hand in icy chains
Fair *Tweda*'s ſilver flood conſtrains:
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of *Yare!*
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd on many a with'ring green.

Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee,
A ſnowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree,
Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou fly'ſt, diſpleas'd, the barren ſhore.
When thou ſhalt miſs the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy raviſh'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?

YET, when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the field is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant Sun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not loſe, but change our joy;
Happy abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the Fair,
To turn the page of ſacred Bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled;

When wrinkles dire, and Age ſevere,
Make Beauty fly we know not where;
The Fair whom Fates unkind diſarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſing art,
To keep ſecure a captive heart?

UNHAPPY Love! might lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That Love may live on Wiſdom's fare;
Tho' extaſy with beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage;
Thy virtues ſhall delight his age.

THE MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY, A FABLE,

In the Manner of the late Mr. GAY.

THE

MISS

AND THE

BUTTERFLY,

A

TABLE,

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The MISS and the BUTTERFLY.

A TENDER *Miſs*, whom Mother's care
Bred up in wholſome country air,
Far from the follies of the town,
Alike untaught to ſmile or frown;
Her ear unus'd to Flatt'ry's praiſe,
Unknown in Woman's wicked ways;
Her tongue from modiſh tattle free,
Undipp'd in Scandal and Bohea;
Her genuine form and native grace
Was virgin of a looking-glaſs:
Nor cards ſhe dealt, nor flirted fan,
A ſtranger to Quadrille and Man;
But ſimple liv'd, juſt as you know
Miſs *Chloe* did----ſome weeks ago.

As now the pretty Innocent
Walk'd forth to taſte the early ſcent,

She tripp'd about the murm'ring ſtream,
That oft had lull'd her thoughtleſs dream.
The morning ſweet, the air ſerene,
A thouſand flow'rs adorn'd the ſcene;
The birds rejoicing round appear
To chuſe their conſorts for the year;
Her heart was light, and full of play,
And, like herſelf, all Nature gay.

On ſuch a day, as Sages ſing,
A *Butterfly* was on the wing;
From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,
He ſtretch'd the gold-beſpangled plume;
Now ſkims along, and now alights,
As ſmell allures, or grace invites;
Now the violet's freſhneſs ſips;
Now kiſs'd the roſe's ſcarlet lips;
Becomes anon the daiſy's gueſt;
Then preſs'd the lilly's ſnowy breaſt;
Nor long to one vouchſafes a ſtay,
But juſt ſalutes, and flies away.

THE Virgin ſaw with rapture fir'd;
She ſaw, and what ſhe ſaw deſir'd,
The ſhining wings, and ſtarry eyes,
And burns to ſeize the living prize:
Her beating breaſt and glowing face
Betray her native love of dreſs,
And all the Woman full expreſt
Firſt flutters in her little breaſt:
Enſnar'd by empty outward ſhow,
She ſwift purſues the Inſect-beau;
O'er gay parterres ſhe runs in haſte,
Nor heeds the garden's flow'ry waſte.

LONG as the Sun, with genial pow'r
Increaſing, warm'd the ſultry hour,
The Nymph o'er every border flew,
And kept the ſhining game in view:
But when, ſoft-breathing thro' the trees,
With coolneſs came the evening-breeze;
As hov'ring o'er the tulip's pride
He hung with wing diverſify'd,

Caught in the hollow of her hand,
She held the Captive at command.

FLUTT'RING in vain to be releas'd,
He thus the gentle Girl addreſs'd:
Looſe, gen'rous Virgin, looſe my chain;
From me what glory can'ſt thou gain?
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring thing,
My only boaſt a gorgeous wing;
From flow'r to flow'r I idly ſtray,
The trifler of a Summer's day:
Then let me not in vain implore,
But leave me free again to ſoar.

HIS words the little Charmer mov'd,
She the poor Trembler's ſuit approv'd.
His gaudy wings he then extends,
And flutters on her fingers ends:
From thence he ſpoke, as you ſhall hear,
In ſtrains well worth a Woman's ear.

WHEN now thy young and tender age
Is pure, and heedleſs to engage;

When

When in thy free and open mein
No ſelf-important air is ſeen;
Unknowing all, to all unknown,
Thou liv'ſt, or prais'd, or blam'd by none.
But when, unfolding by degrees
The Woman's fond deſire to pleaſe,
Studious to heave the artful ſigh,
And, expert of the tongue and eye,
Thou ſett'ſt thy little charms to ſhow,
And ſports familiar with the Beau;
Forſaking then the ſimple plain,
To mingle with the courtly train,
Thou in the midnight-ball ſhalt ſee
Things apparelled juſt like me;
Who round and round, without deſign,
Tinſell'd in empty luſtre ſhine:
As dancing thro' the ſpacious dome,
From Fair to Fair the Friskers roam,
If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,
The victim of a gay out-ſide,

From

From place to place, as me juſt now,
The glitt'ring gewgaw you purſue,
What mighty prize ſhall crown thy pains?
A *Butterfly* is all thy gains!